

THE

# *Digger*

CHRISTMAS ISSUE, 1950



noel



# THE *Digger*

A monthly publication by the staff of  
Simpson's, Regina.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A New York mother took her five-year-old son to visit Santa Claus at Gimbel's.

"What would you like for Christmas, sonny," the old gentleman asked.

"A bicycle, a football, and a pair of skates," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I'll certainly try to see that you get them," said Santa.

Later, mother and son visited Macy's and paid a call on Santa Claus there, too. The same question was asked, and the same answer given, but this time the old gentleman added: "And are you going to be a good boy?"

Whereupon the youngster turned to his mother and said: "Let's go back to Gimbel's. I wasn't asked to make any promises there."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## A "Farewell Cake" for

## Mrs. Ryan



We're fairly certain that few of us are aware that our capable and jovial doorman, Mr. George Linton, is adept in the culinary arts. His hidden talent in this respect came to light when he whipped up an attractively-decorated cake for Mrs. Jean Ryan, Employment and Training department, as a farewell gesture. Those of us who were fortunate enough to get a piece can vouch for its quality—d-e-e-licious!

Jean left the Company on November 25th after 10 years' service and the Digger takes this opportunity to thank Jean for her excellent contribution to this paper in the capacity of re-write editor, vital statistics.

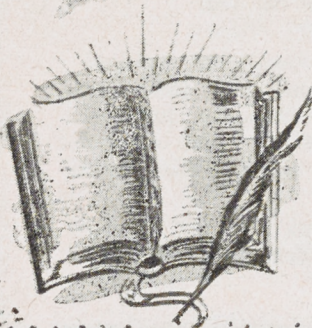
We are glad to welcome Leona Descamps, Employment and Training to Jean's place on the Digger executive. Other Digger changes include the appointment of Eva Keast and Beth Ritter as re-write editors, general management news.

Johnny's letter to Santa Claus had an interminably long list of things he wanted. He was about to put it into an envelope when he had a sudden inspiration. Picking up his pencil, he added: "Also bring me one surprise."

★



## Our Christmas Story



We are pleased to bring you on the following pages Charles Tazewell's story of "The Littlest Angel" illustrated by Hugh Perry of our Advertising department.

We should like to thank Hugh for his fine work in this regard and hope you, our readers will enjoy our selection of a Christmas story.

THE DIGGER STAFF.

## Departmental Doings . . .

Two of our Indians from the Telephone Shopping Service Department depicted in our November issue of the Digger, have left their Tribe for other stamping grounds—"Miss 'em heap much".

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Jen Hall of the Telephone Order Department is home sick with chicken pox. Hope to see her back soon.

★ ★ ★

Your roving reporter while making his rounds has seen Christmas trees—all shapes and sizes, variously decorated in the departmental offices. He tells us (and we intend to check this) that the tree in the Maintenance office (Broad Street) is usually decorated with nuts and bolts and electrical gadgets. Rumour has it that the porters are demanding fair representation and suggest that a broom and dust pan be added.

★ ★ ★

The Hardware staff all join in wishing Miss Louise Phillips a Merry Christmas and a full recovery in the coming new year. Louise has had a long siege in the Grey Nuns' Hospital.

Mrs. Damane (Verna Stephens) was a recent visitor to the Cash Office.

★ ★ ★

The Adjusting Department are minus the smiling faces of Florence Penley, Vera Cooper, Jerry Lehman and Alice Rumpel who have all assumed new duties elsewhere.

★ ★ ★

A gift of silver was presented to Mary Bahan (Packing Department) from her co-workers on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. George DesRoche.

★ ★ ★

When Helen Mokekly left the Cash Office to become Mrs. Schuck, Mrs. Par-kin presented her with a bedspread from her many friends.

★ ★ ★

We are glad to see Mr. Vic Evans (Porters and Watchmen) and Mr. Furnell (Maintenance) back with us again after their brief illnesses.

★ ★ ★

Miss Janet ("Liza") Haney recently entertained the Employment and Training staff at dinner in honour of Mrs. Jean ("Blondie") Ryan.





Once upon a time—oh, many, many years ago as time is calculated by men—but which was only Yesterday in the Celestial Calendar of Heaven—there was, in Paradise, a most miserable, thoroughly unhappy, and utterly dejected cherub who was known throughout Heaven as **THE LITTLEST ANGEL**.

He was exactly four years, six months, five days, seven hours and forty-two minutes of age when he presented himself to the venerable Gate-Keeper and waited for admittance to the Glorious Kingdom of God.

Standing defiantly, with his short brown legs wide apart, the Littlest Angel tried to

## DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS - Continued

More losses in the Adjusting Department—**Elsie Banford** and **Olive Dean** left to devote full time to their homes.

★ ★ ★

Honoring **Ada McConnell** prior to her marriage, Mrs. Magrath entertained 841 and 482 department staff at a dinner party at her home at which teacup reading was one of the highlights of the afternoon.

★ ★ ★

We were sorry to hear of the injuries received by **Jeff Cullen's** (Maintenance) son who was in a recent train accident.

★ ★ ★

A pair of Hudson Bay blankets were presented to **Helen Mokely** (Cash Of-

fice) at a shower held at the home of **Collen Boyle**.

★ ★ ★

**Mrs. Jean Ryan** was presented with pieces of sterling silverware by her friends on the second floor (Broad Street) when she left the Company on November 25th.

★ ★ ★

**Mrs. Soutar** entertained members of her staff at a party in honor of **Joyce Jefferson** (Department 842) prior to her marriage at which the guest of honor was presented with a variety of gifts.

★ ★ ★

The China dept. is glad to welcome **Mrs. Audette** back after a siege of illness for two weeks.

Christmas, most dads will agree, is the time of year when father owes best.

————— ★ —————

"I want something nice," the forceful lady announced to the toy-department clerk, "and it must be suitable for a small boy whose father is corpulent and unable to do any kneeling."

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence that will risk nothing, and which shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime "let out all the length of the reins".

—Elizabeth Cholmondeley

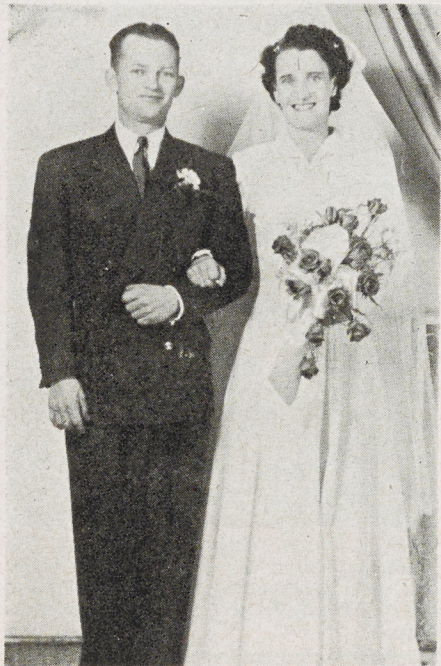


pretend that he wasn't at all impressed by such Unearthly Splendor, and that he wasn't at all afraid. But his lower lip trembled, and a tear disgraced him by making a new furrow down his already tear-streaked face—coming to a precipitous halt at the very tip end of his small freckled nose.

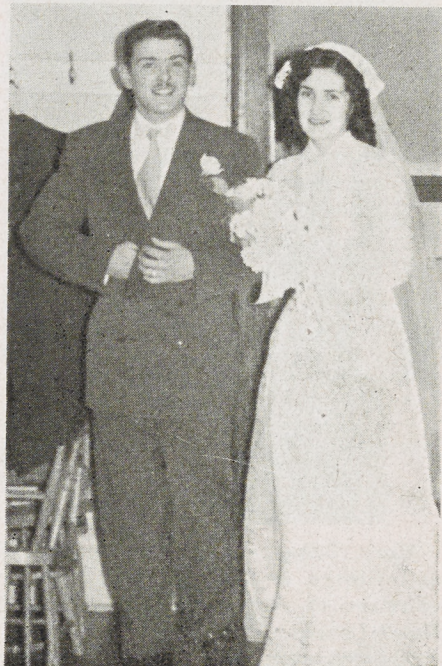
But that wasn't all. While the kindly Gate-Keeper was entering the name in his great Book, the Littlest Angel, having left home as usual without a handkerchief, endeavored to hide the tell-tale evidence by snuffing. A most unangelic sound which so unnerved the good Gate-Keeper that he did something he had never done before in all Eternity. He blotted the page!



## FROM THIS DAY FORWARD . . .



St. Mary's Anglican Church was the scene of a candle light service October 28th uniting in marriage Ada McConnell, Department 841, and Reg. Miller.



Candle light formed a lovely setting for the ceremony during which Joyce Jefferson, Lingerie Department, and Robert Bastock were married on October 7th.



From that moment on, the Heavenly Peace was never quite the same, and the Littlest Angel soon became the despair of all the Heavenly Host. His shrill, ear-splitting whistle resounded at all hours through the Golden Streets. It startled the Patriarch Prophets and disturbed their meditations. Yes, and on top of that, he inevitably and vociferously sang off-key at the singing practice of the Heavenly Choir, spoiling its ethereal effect.



And, being so small that it seemed to take him just twice as long as anyone else to get to nightly prayers, the Littlest Angel always arrived late, and always

## AND FOR EVERMORE . . .



Mary Bahan, Checking Department, and George DesRoche were united in marriage on November 18th at Sacred Heart Church.



In a double ring ceremony at Carmichael United Church, Shirlene Abrahamson, Sportswear Department, became the bride of Peter Mock on November 10th.

The more closely she examined it, the more interested the well-dressed shopper became in the beautiful dollhouse, that is, until she came to the exorbitant price tag. It stunned her. Just at that moment a saleslady appeared at her elbow and inquired politely, "May I help you, madam?" "Just tell me one thing," the woman smiled sweetly. "Does the store arrange for the mortgage on this?"



knocked everyone's wings askew as he darted into his place.

Although these flaws in behavior might have been overlooked, the general appearance of the Littlest Angel was even more disreputable than his deportment. It was first whispered among the Seraphim and Cherubim, and then said aloud among the Angels and Archangels, that he didn't even look like an angel!

And they were all quite correct. He didn't. His halo was permanently tarnished where he held onto it with one, hot little chubby hand when he ran, and he was always running. Furthermore, even when he stood very still, it never behaved like



## A Christmas Message

- from your SOCIAL CLUB PRESIDENT

As the year draws to a close I should like to express my gratitude for the excellent co-operation and whole-hearted support that I have received from the Social Club executive and from fellow staff members in all social club projects. Because of your loyalty I feel the Social Club has fulfilled more effectively than ever before its purpose of promoting "social and athletic activities and good fellowship among the employees of Simpson's".

Our membership is at its largest which has resulted in a bigger executive body.

The financial picture is brighter than it has been for several years. Enthusiastic and active participation in sports has been the cause of the increasing good fellowship that prevails between the various divisions of this branch.

Each and everyone of you must take credit for this gratifying picture. You as an employee for your loyal support and you as an officer of the club for your untiring efforts.

To all of you—thank you and Merry Xmas!

Ernie Harris.

## SANTA'S HELPERS

Thanks to nine members of the retail and mail order staffs each child attending the Christmas tree at the Armouries on the 15th received a big bag of candy. The retail staff give up a portion of their half day on Wednesday, December 6th, to join the mail order on the sixth floor First Aid room and pack 600 lbs. of candy into an approximate 1,000 bags. It is surprising that the project only took one hour.

Partly because of this and completely due to the efforts of the Social Club the Children's party on December 15th was a complete success.



a halo should. It was always slipping down over his right eye.

Or over his left eye.

Or else, just for pure meanness, slipping off the back of his head and rolling away down some Golden Street just so he'd have to chase after it!



Yes, and it must be here recorded that his wings were neither useful nor ornamental! All Paradise held its breath when the Littlest Angel perched himself like an unhappy fledgling sparrow on the very edge of a gilded cloud and prepared to take off. He would teeter this way—and that way—but, after much coaxing and a few false starts, he would shut both of his

## New Arrivals

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jackman (Hardware Department) on October 23rd, a daughter, Barbara Louise, in Eastern Canada.

On November 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Willmott (Men's Shoes) became the parents of a baby son.

Twin boys arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Flaman on November 19th. August is on the Retail Operating staff.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Moss (Fashion Floor) became the parents of a baby girl on November 25th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wally Rider (Men's Clothing) a son, Ronnie William, on October 2nd.

## Our Hospital Register

Joyce Demyen, Cafeteria, spent two weeks at the General.

Isabel Karst, Audit Office, underwent an operation at the Grey Nuns' last month.

Mrs. Mary Marecki, Checking Department, was admitted to the General for an operation recently.

Mrs. E. Soutar, Lingerie Department, is progressing favourably after her recent illness.


Nellie Pierce, Recording Department, was a patient in the General.

Jean Faier, Recording Department, was in the hospital while undergoing a tonsilectomy.

Mother was ready to take little Tommy down to the local department store to visit Santa Claus. "Now, have you decided what you're going to ask him for?" she said as she buttoned his coat. "Oh, yes," said Tommy, eyes shining. "I'm going to ask him to bring me an electric train just like the one he brought Daddy last Christmas."

Upon her return from a visit to Santa Claus a very young lady told her awed playmates: "Know what I found out? Santa Claus' first name is Charlie." Much impressed, the other kids demanded to know how she learned this. "Why," said the little girl, "a man went up to him and said, 'Well, Charlie, you'd better quit and go to lunch now.'"





eyes, hold his freckled nose, count up to three hundred and three, and then hurl himself slowly into space!

However, owing to the regrettable fact that he always forgot to move his wings, the Littlest Angel always fell head over halo!

It was reported, and never denied, that whenever he was nervous, which was most of the time, he bit his wing-tips!

Now, anyone can easily understand why the Littlest Angel would, soon or late, have to be disciplined. And so, on an Eternal Day of an Eternal Month in the Year Eternal, he was directed to present his small self before an Angel of the Peace.



Because it answers the question so well, we are reprinting an editorial by FRANCIS P. CHURCH that appeared in "The Sun", New York, in 1897.

# Is There a Santa Claus??

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor:

I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon."

\* \* \*

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal

light, with which childhood fills the world, would be extinguished.

Not believe in fairies! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

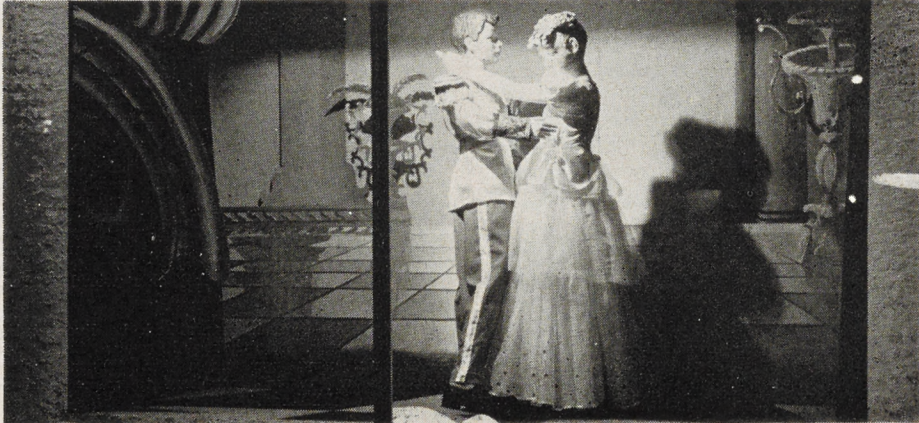
No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.



The Littlest Angel combed his hair, dusted his wings and scrambled into an almost clean robe, and then, with a heavy heart, trudged his way to the place of judgment. He tried to postpone the dreaded ordeal by loitering along the Street of The Guardian Angels, pausing a few timeless moments to minutely pursue the long list of new arrivals, although all Heaven knew he couldn't read a word. And he idled more than several immortal moments to carefully examine a display of aureate harps, although everyone in the Celestial City knew he couldn't tell a crotchet from a semi-quaver. But at length and at last he slowly approached a door-



CONGRATULATIONS TO THE RETAIL DISPLAY DEPT





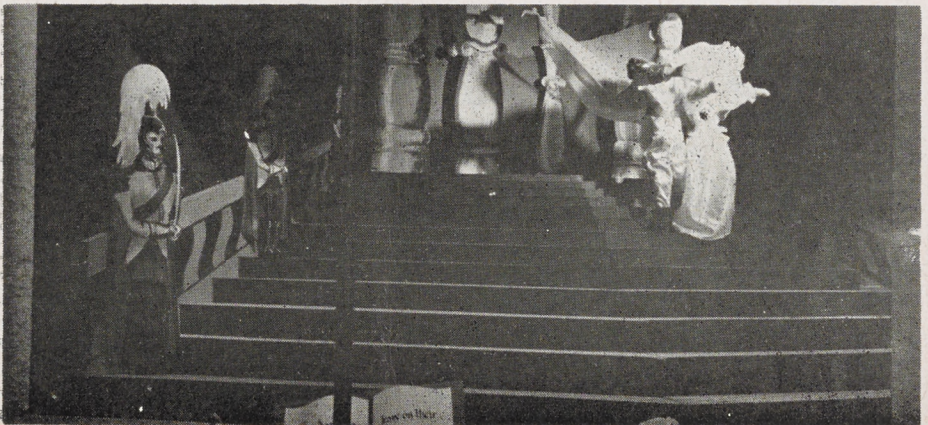
way which was surmounted by a pair of golden scales, signifying that Heavenly Justice was dispensed within. To the Littlest Angel's great surprise, he heard a merry voice, singing.

The Littlest Angel removed his halo and breathed upon it heavily, then polished it upon his robe, a procedure which added nothing to that garment's already untidy appearance, and then tip-toed in!

The Singer, who was known as the Understanding Angel, looked down at the small culprit, and the Littlest Angel instantly tried to make himself invisible by the ingenious procees of withdrawing his head



FOR THESE SENSATIONAL CHRISTMAS WINDOWS





into the collar of his robe, very much like a snapping turtle.

At that, the Singer laughed, a jolly, heartwarming sound, and said, "Oh! So you're the one who's been making Heaven so unheavenly! Come here, Cherub, and tell me all about it!" The Littlest Angel ventured a furtive look from beneath his robe.



First one eye.

And then the other eye.

Suddenly, almost before he knew it, he was perched on the lap of the understanding Angel, and was explaining how very difficult it was for a boy who suddenly finds himself transformed into an angel. Yes, and no matter what the Arch-



## "We Look Back"

The year marked our entry into the Century and from our vantage point at which most aptly applies to our activities many major changes were wrought; we began the operation of the general manager moved to a higher position in the mail order and the retail division and distinct operations from the stand-

Other additions included new order of Prairie, Alberta, and a major move in Y climbed still further and Simpson's established the prairies. Also, vital statistics increased 35 boys, 20 girls—born to Simpsonites.

The Digger is reserving space in 1950 marriages.

The weeks between January 1st and eventful. The highspot of February, the Hotel Saskatchewan. Curling, hockey at top speed with many active participants, for its Water Damaged Sale following a day in the 5th floor of the retail. Highly and of Regina shoppers are readily recalled, each \$100 invested by an employee in the company had contributed \$43.37.

In April came the big move to the Street building was moved in one evening. This portion of the Regina store was by Mr. E. G. Burton. Also in April the reigns from the old which had done this magazine over the previous two years.

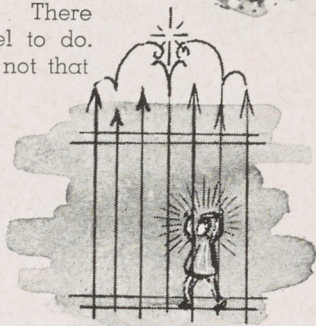
The Easter dance was a notable success. In May came the curling banquet and was foremost in everyone's mind for several pictures of the damage done bespeak a



angels said, he'd only swung once. Well, twice. Oh, all right, then, he'd swung three times on the Golden Gates. But that was just for something to do!

That was the whole trouble. There wasn't anything for a small angel to do. And he was very homesick. Oh, not that

Paradise wasn't beautiful! But the Earth was beautiful, too! Wasn't it created by God, Himself? Why, there were trees to climb, and brooks to fish, and caves to play at pirate chief, the swimming hole, and sun, and rain, and dark, and dawn, and thick brown dust, so soft and warm beneath your feet!



ENDLESS STICK  
OF TIME

## k on 1950"

the second half of the Twentieth year end we feel the adjective in 1950 is "vigour". In the ; the new retail addition was new mail order warehouse; our in Toronto which resulted as being split into two separate point of management.

offices in Blairmore and Grande Forkton to larger quarters. Sales established itself still stronger on ed measurably with 55 births—

1951 for further news on our

December 22nd were colorful was the St. Valentine ball at and bowling were all running . March will long be remembered disastrous break of a water tank musing anecdotes on the tactics . Then came the news that for e 1949 Profit Sharing Plan the

retail addition on 11th Avenue. t and second floor of the Broad ng to the new three-storey addi- was officially opened April 14th present Digger staff took over e such a fine job in preparing ars.

ccess. and dance. The Winnipeg flood eral days and news stories and a great tragedy. On May 30th

came the annual bowling banquet and dance with the "Lucky Strikes", captained by Leona Descamps, crowned Bowling Champions for 1950.

In July came our annual picnic at Regina Beach. A highly touted fashion parade on the outgoing train got everyone in the mood for the following festivities.

Also in July came the amalgamation of all mail order merchandise under one roof in the newly opened warehouse. The Display Department again took first prize in the annual Travellers' Day parade.

August news featured the formation of the Canadian Brigade for United Nations Service in Korea; Jack Huggins, of 52 Department, was the first Saskatchewan man to enlist.

Mr. A. E. Larkin, a Simpsonite for 30 years, retired on August 31st to live in New Zealand. Also prominent in August conversations was talk of the nine-day railroad strike.


In September Mr. S. E. Tasker, mail order merchandise manager for 19 years, retired to live in Kelowna, B.C. Everyone was sorry to see him go. This month also saw the bowling league off to a lively start in the Bolodrome. In September, too, came news of several new managerial appointments to both retail and mail order operations. September 29th saw the Harvest Hoe Down a wonderful success.

October 2nd bid a chilly "bon voyage" to the five new members of the 25-Year Club. The following night was enjoyed by the Digger staff, past and present, at the banquet tendered them by the company. The golfing season wound up with mail order's Fred Walters copping the Reilly Cup. The end of October saw Regina bidding farewell to our general manager, Mr. E. A. Pickering. The number of functions in his honor, both by the company and his business associates in the city, are silent tributes to him and show the esteem in which he was held. This month also saw the appointment of Mr. F. E. Reid and Mr. L. J. Gingerick to the general managership of their respective divisions of the company's Regina branch.

Everyone welcomed the news of November 6th which told of a Group Life Insurance Plan for each member of the Profit Sharing Fund and, in addition, a five-day working week beginning early in 1951. Eleven Regina Mail Order merchandise managers were congratulated in November for their high showing in the unit stock control system competitive plan.

December is notable because it draws to a conclusion another colorful chapter of Simpson's in Regina. Everyone's thoughts are filled with the seriousness of the international situation and, more personal, Christmas and what it means to each of us. Nonetheless it is with assurance we look to 1951 and what it will bring. All we can do is our best.





The Understanding Angel smiled, and in his eyes was a long forgotten memory of another small boy in a long ago. Then he asked the Littlest Angel what would make him most happy in Paradise. The Cherub thought for a moment, and whispered in his ear.

"There's a box. I left it under my bed back home. If only I could have that?"

The Understanding Angel nodded his head. "You shall have it," he promised. And a fleet-winged Heavenly messenger was instantly dispatched to bring the box to Paradise.

And then, in all those timeless days that followed, everyone wondered at the great change in the Littlest Angel, for,

## CURLING opens for Retail



It seems like only yesterday I was being hounded by Bill Waddell and Johnny Tappin. Same old stuff—how many pages, when will you have it in. There's one good thing about it though—my little friend from Broad Street didn't know about the early deadline so she didn't have a chance to take me over the coals.

Ferd Walters was presented with the Reilly Cup at Simpson's annual golf banquet held in the Kitchener Hotel on the 23rd of November. We'll let the pictures tell their own stories. No, don't sigh in relief, we won't lay golf away for a year just yet. The Reilly Cup was donated by a former General Manager of Simpson's in Regina. The cup is for annual competition of employees of the Regina Branch both mail order employees and retail.

The cup itself is rather unique. Most cups

presented for competitive sports are a symbol of just that competition, but to the Simpson's golfers the Reilly cup stands for much more—fellowship, companionship and sportsmanship integrated by good, bad and indifferent golf.

Freddy Gerow, last year's vice-president, moves up to head this year's executive with Dick Roberts as vice-president. After much moving and seconding and discussion, we came up with a top notch group of executives to assist these two:

Secretary—Peter Popp.

Executive Members—Fred Stewart, Fred Groves, Eric Peachy, Len Cantelon.

Since the inception of the Simpson's Golf League there has been one man behind it, above it and leading it, and a one-time winner of the Reilly Cup. I for one was very happy to see



among all the cherubs in God's Kingdom, he was the most happy. His conduct was above the slightest reproach. His appearance was all that the most fastidious could wish for. And on excursions to Elysian Fields, it could be said, and truly said, that he flew like an angel!

Then it came to pass that Jesus, the Son of God, was to be born of Mary, of Bethlehem, of Judea. And as the glorious tidings spread through Paradise, all the angels rejoiced and their voices were lifted to herald the Miracle of Miracles, the coming of the Christ Child.

The Angels and Archangels, the Seraphim and Cherubim, the Gate-Keeper, the



## and Mail Order --- BY CLARE BELL



Art Smith unanimously elected Honorary President of the league for life. Congratulations Art, it's an honor justly deserved.

### CURLING:

The curlers are away to a flying start ably assisted by Mr. F. E. Reid throwing the first mail order rock, with Mr. Gingerick doing the honors on the first retail rock.

With few exceptions, the play this year has been very close with extra end games being the rule rather than the exception.

I can't help but recall the annual curling banquet last year when Mr. F. E. Reid gave out with some sagelike advice on curling. One foot in the hack, one on the ice, the object being to deliver the rock and keep your feet

in the original position without occasioning any great bodily harm. Good advice curlers but sometimes easier said than done.

### HOCKEY:

I wish I had good news about the inter store league but I haven't. We are not too sure about ice. In past years it has been a scarcity of players while this year it is scarcity of ice. It is our own fault the list of names for Hockey was out in time but they were not returned to George Alexander in time to reserve ice. At last reports, George was still trying to get ice for us.

A few "would-be" and "has-been" athletes were discussing the survival chances in this league. The consensus of opinion was that with two skates and one hockey stick on the ice, we would be able to stay alive and afloat.



Wingmaker, yes, and even the Halosmith put aside their usual tasks to prepare their gifts for the Blessed Infant. All but the Littlest Angel. He sat himself down on the top-most step of the Golden Stairs and anxiously waited for inspiration.



What could he give that would be most acceptable to the Son of God? At one time, he dreamed of composing a lyric hymn of adoration. But the Littlest Angel was woefully wanting in musical talent.

Then he grew tremendously excited over writing a prayer! A prayer that would live forever in the hearts of men, because it would be the first prayer ever to be heard

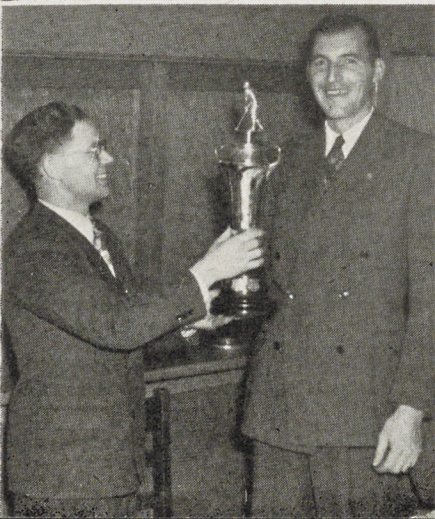


Page 16 - 17—Scenes from the Golf Banquet.

**BOWLING:**

The bowlers are coming close to mid-season with the top ranking teams in both leagues chalking for positions. At deadline time the standings by points are:

Monday Night League	
High team—Wonders .....	232½ Points
Tuesday Night League	
High Team—Hoot-N-Annies .....	272½ Points
Monday Night League	
High Men's—T. Thauberger .....	237 Points
Tuesday Night League	
High Men's—Hank Britton .....	247 Points
Monday Night League	
High Ladies—Elsie Mundt .....	222 Points
Tuesday Night League	
High Ladies—Jean Fraser .....	207 Points





by the Christ Child. But the Littlest Angel was lamentably lacking in literate skill. "What, oh what, could a small angel give that would please the Holy Infant?"

The time of the Miracle was very close at hand when the Littlest Angel at last decided on his gift. Then, on that Day of Days, he proudly brought it from its hiding place behind a cloud, and humbly, with downcast eyes, placed it before the Throne of God. It was only a small, rough, unsightly box, but inside were all those wonderful things that even a Child of God would treasure!

A small, rought, unsightly box, lying among all those other glorious gifts from all the Angels of Paradise! Gifts of such





rare and radiant splendor and breathless beauty that Heaven and all the Universe were lighted by the mere reflection of their glory! And when the Littlest Angel saw this, he suddenly knew that his gift to God's

Child was irreverent, and he devoutly wished he might reclaim his shabby gift. It was ugly. It was worthless. If only he could hide it away from the sight of God before it was even noticed!

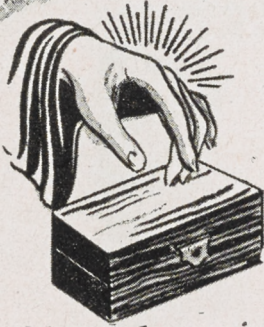
But it was too late! The Hand of God moved slowly over all that bright array of shining gifts,

then paused,

then dropped,

then came to rest

on the lowly gift of the Littlest Angel!



## First Regina Group to Participate in

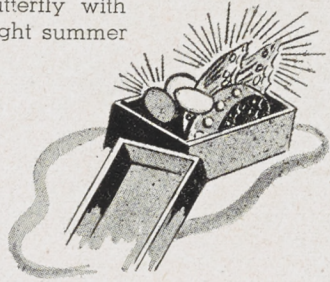
On December 5th, the cameraman recorded the presentation of certificates by Mr. F. E. Reid to the first group in Regina Branch to complete the new Work Simplification course. Members of the successful group, whose training had been ably and interestingly conducted by Miss J. E. Haney, were: Norman Neff, Dan Crone, Lew Reilly, Harvey Marshall, Leona Descamps, Jack Morris, John Ryan, Bob Jean and Gordon Moss (not in picture).

While the course has been designed to facilitate a simple, speedy analysis of every facet of our work from a direct, down-to-earth point of view, and created much serious thinking on the part of its first nine participants, it also had its lighter moments. One of the members became so enthusiastic that he spent half the night constructing what could have



The Littlest Angel trembled as the box was opened, and there, before the Eyes of God and all His Heavenly Host, was what he offered to the Christ Child.

And what was his gift to the Blessed Infant? Well, there was a butterfly with golden wings, captured one bright summer day on the high hills above Jerusalem, and a sky-blue egg from a bird's nest in the olive tree that stood to shade his mother's kitchen door. Yes, and two white stones, found on a muddy river bank, where he and his friends had played like small brown beavers, and, at the bottom of the box, a limp, tooth-marked leather strap,



## Simpson's Work Simplification Program

been a cage for carrier pigeons. The odd-looking contraption caused a great deal of comment as he furtively carried it in early one morning. Believe it or not, as a result of his idea, Mr. Crone advises he will save 50%, if not more, in the time required for the job he had analyzed, and the work will be done with greater ease and less confusion.

This was only one of the nine worthwhile proposals which were presented at the sessions, and ideas for a number of others have been planted. There is no limit to the number of improvements which can be effected throughout both divisions of the Branch as this and future groups proceed to prove the slogan of our Work Simplification Programme, "There is Always a Better Way".



once worn as a collar by his mongrel dog, who had died as he had lived, in absolute and infinite devotion.

The Littlest Angel wept hot, bitter tears, for now he knew that instead of honoring the Son of God, he had been most blasphemous.



Why had he ever thought the box was so wonderful?

Why had he dreamed that such utterly useless things would be loved by the Blessed Infant?

In frantic terror, he turned to run and hide from the Divine Wrath of the Heavenly Father, but he stumbled and fell, and with

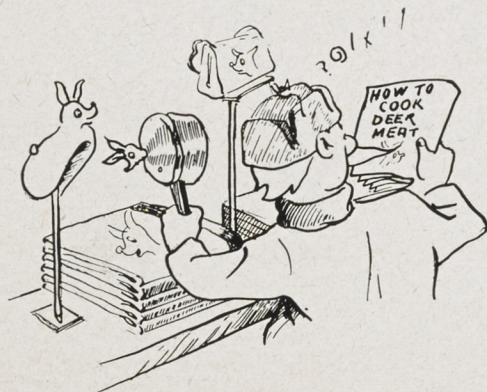
## "DOT RUDOLPH"

(By L. Arkinstall)

Rudolph dot red nosed deer  
Dot's all I see und hear,  
Und everywhere I look each day  
Dot Rudolph he is in de vay;  
He drive me nuts I fear.



I go to buy some shoes,  
Vot kind you tink I choose?  
A pair mit Rudolph on de toes,  
Dot liddle qvuer mit big red nose;  
I almost blow a fuse.



Pay day she come next munt  
So gift for vife I vunt,  
Am hunting till I'm almost lame  
But every gift dey all d' same,  
Dot liddle red nose runt.

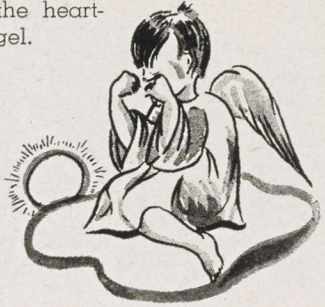


a hurried wail and clatter of halo, rolled in a ball of consummate misery to the very foot of the Heavenly Throne!

There was an ominous and dreadful silence in the Celestial City, a silence complete and undisturbed save for the heart-broken sobbing of the Littlest Angel.

Then, suddenly, The Voice of God, like Divine Music, rose and swelled through Paradise!

And the Voice of God spoke, saying, "Of all the gifts of all the angels, I find that this small box pleases Me most. Its contents are of the Earth and of men, and



For me too much, I'm t'ru  
Break into Christmas brew,  
Try to forget dot red nosed beasht  
For jusht a liddle vile at leasht,  
I pash out in a shtew.

Vake up mit big fat head,  
Am vishing I am dead,  
Pink elephants you tink I see?  
But oh no, no, dot's not for me  
Pink Rudolphs dere instead.



So Christmas comes den goes,  
De season she soon close  
Und no more Rudolph, Hah! I  
smile,  
Ven Christmas gone he out of  
style,  
He und dot big red nose.

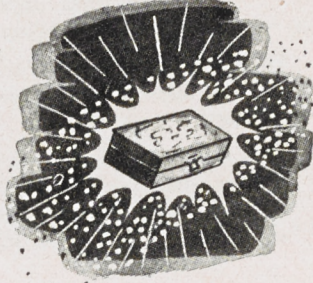




My Son is born to be King of both. These are the things My Son, too, will know and love and cherish and then, regretful, will leave behind Him when His task is done. I accept this gift in the Name of the Child, Jesus, born of Mary this night in Bethlehem."

There it shone on that Night of Miracles, the rough, unsightly box of the Littlest Angel began to glow with a bright, unearthly light, then the light became a lustrous flame, and the flame became a radiant brilliance that blinded the eyes of all the angels!

None but the Littlest Angel saw it rise from its place before the Throne of God.



## The HARVEY Sisters

This month we say good-bye to two young ladies well-known in the skating world—Alta and Louise Harvey.

Our acquaintance with Alta and Louise was comparatively short since they joined our staff early this spring and left just recently to travel in a teaching capacity with the North Star Figure Skating club.

Since turning professional the girls have been working in Kimberly, B.C., and all indications portend a bright future for them.

To Alta (formerly of 10 department) and to Louise (formerly of the Cash Office) we say good-bye, good luck and may success be yours in this new field.



## CHANGE IN SOCIAL CLUB EXECUTIVE

It is with regret that we report the leaving of Len Cantelon, Social Club Vice-president at the beginning of the year.

Len is being transferred to the Toronto Branch and his presence here will certainly be missed, especially in Social Club activities. He very ably led a new executive earlier this year in the absence of the president and has always given very generously of his time and energy to staff activities.

An election will be held sometime in January to find a successor to the Vice-president's office and also to that of the Vice-secretary.



And he, and only he, watched it arch the firmament to stand and shed its clear, white, beckoning light over a Stable where a Child was Born.

There it shone on that Night of Miracles, and its light was reflected down the centuries deep in the heart of all mankind. Yet, earthly eyes, blinded, too, by its splendor, could never know that the lowly gift of the Littlest Angel was what all men would call forever

"THE SHINING STAR OF BETHLEHEM!"



## MR. LES WISMER



Mr. Leslie Austin Wismer was born in Ontario on December 16, 1883. The following year his parents moved to Qu'Appelle, Sask., where he received his education.

He came to Regina as a young man and took up painting which became his life work. In 1936 he entered the employ of the Company and had completed almost 14 years' service when he was retired in July of this year.

In recent years because of failing health he spent considerable time in hospital and there is comfort in the thought that his illness has come to a peaceful end.

On behalf of the staff of Simpson's the Digger conveys deep sympathy to his sister, Mrs. Grimette, of Edmonton, and his brother, Mr. A. Wismer, of Regina.

## We Extend Sincere Sympathy To . . .

Mrs. Isabella Griffiths, Department 860, on the passing of her father at Semans on November 10th.

Mrs. Mabel Hibbs, Order Review, on the passing of her father at Swift Current recently.

Mr. H. S. (Scoop) Hunter, Packing Department, on the passing of his mother in Saskatoon on November 24th.



